Modazine Poge

ON this date, in the year 1864, General Sherman, having completed his famous march from At-lants to the sea, demanded the surrender of Savan-nah from the Confederate forces that still held it.

# JUST AROUND THE CORNER

#### An Engrossing Film Drama, Based on One of FANNIE HURST'S Unique Stories of New York's East Side.

The North Star as a Guide

IN the early evening at this time of the year, and in

June, the North Star is a truer guide to the pole than at a similar hour in other months. At other times of the year more accurate indicators are necessary.

THE STORY SO FAR.

Sesie Birdsong, a lovely flower of the last Bide, works in the Blataky sweathep to help her brother, Jimmle, support their affing mother. These conditions are as bad spiritually as they are bivideally, and Essie seeks another job. he becomes acquainted with Lulu heps, an usher at a theater. Lulu gets dise a place at the same theater and sils the girl she has a "steady" for ser, and produces a photograph of Joe Himan, a young ticket speculator, Essie sils her mother and Jimmle about him ind that he is coming to call on her. Thally he sets a definite date to take more with the Birdsongs, but on meeting Essie again refuses, and he steadily teeps away from Essie's family. In his sainess as ticket speculator he cells sats to John Bascom, jr., son of a now tealthy former suitor of Mrs. Birdsong. Foung Bascom discovers too late that me of the seats is behind a poet and te returns to Uliman to have it out rich him.

"Just Around the Corner" made to motion pictures, scenario and metion by Frances Marion, is a

Screen Version Novelized. By JANE McLEAN.

was glad. "We've got to have a nice dinner," she said. I'll do my best. It's sold weather now, so we'll have comething warm and hearty. Joe nust be a big fellow, and likes as not will eat a-plenty." Her week was spent in the simple **delightful** anticipation of spending an evening with the man she hoped vould marry her daughter. Talking It Over.

Mrs. Finschreiber, whose cousin and occupied the third room in the Birdsong apartment, was an interested observer of Essie's progress in life, and often came up to talk to her friend about the girls of toay as compared with the young

THE STORY SO FAR. † "I expect Easie will be meeting some young men soon," she ventured.

> "Oh, yes," Mrs. Birdsong nodded. "She's going with a fine fellername of Ullman. He sells tickets -theater tickets on Broadway."

"Is that so?" Well, the only ticket seller I ever knew was arrested for cheating, saving your presence. I think they're a bad lot."

This was not cheering news to little Ma. She felt compelled to defend Mr. Ullman, and she did this so eloquently that her neighbor finally admitted that he might be an exception to the general rule. The fact that Essie liked him was in his fa-

"Has he ever said anything about marrying her?" she asked.

"No, not yet, but he's with her every evening. Takes her to the restaurant and is real nice and attentive."

"Never been here, has he? I don't recollect seein' him on the stairs."

Mrs. Birdsong explained that Joe was a man with important business and little time to spare, but Mrs. Finschreiber shook her head. "If he don't come to see you there's something wrong about it. You take my advice and tell Essie to bring him

"He is coming; he's coming to dinner tonight," said Mrs. Birdsong, proudly; "that's why I'm settin' the table so grand."

"I'm glad to hear it. Essie ought to make a fine wife. I suppose you'll be glad to get her settled."



Essie Discovers That Joe Ullman Is Attracted by Any Pretty Face, but Passes Off Her Chagrin.

"I'll be really happy, Mrs. Fin- + schreiber. You know I been having a lot of pain lately, and I know I ain't long for this world, and I want to see Essie in her own home afore I go."

THE WASHINGTON TIMES.

"Oh, you're good for ten years yet," the other assured her. "It's the fat ones like me that drop off quick."

She departed, leaving a doubt in

hope. "I came back early," said her son, "so's to be sure to be here." - "That's a good boy, Jimmie, and you're going to wash your face and

hands clean and brush your hair,

"Sure, I'll do that for you, but I ain't doing it for him: no. sir.' "You won't have time to shave."

laughed his mother.

Jimmle was a signal for renewed + announced, seriously; "a feller's beard gets too tough if he does it every day."

> Essie came in with four chocolate eclairs; her face flushed, her eyes shining. "I got these because Joe likes 'em." she said, unwrapping them as carefully as though they were the most delicate confections, and arranging them on a

"Some dinner," declared Jimmie,

sniffing the odor of cooking veal cutlet. "Them Saratogy chips is for him, too, and all that coffee?" "Your father liked coffee," said Mrs. Birdsong; "somehow I imag-

ine Joe's a lot like Henry was." The clock struck six-Joe had promised to be on hand promptly at that hour, so that Essie could have a nice little visit with him and her mother before going to the theater.

#### Read the Serial Here and Watch for the Motion Picture Soon To Be Shown at Leading Theaters.

"There he is," cried Essie as + she heard footsteps and rushed to the door, but it was not Mr. Ullman; it was Mrs. Finschreiber, who brought back a borrowed pitcher. choosing this moment with the hope of seeing the future member of the family.

And Joe Falls Again. "Oh, I thought you was Joe," said Essie.

Mrs. Finschreiber deposited the pitcher and waddled away; the coffee boiled over and still Joe did not come; the hands of the clock had moved to the half hour when Jimmie's face gave vent to his outraged feelings.

"You set down and eat, Ma. Don't let's wait for that four-flusher any longer, and don't you ever cook another dinner for him. He's a lowdown dog, that's what he is."

"Oh, I hope nothing's happened to him," wailed Essie. "Him? He's playing pool or shoot-

in' craps somewhere, that's where he is. You wait till I tell him what I think of him." If the first dinner prepared in

honor of Essie's supposed suitor was a gloom, this was a funeral. Essie could hardly keep back the tears. Jimmie was belligerently vowing vengeance and little Ma could only remember Mrs. Finschreiber's warning and pray that Joe was not in jail.

Sesie's downcast air won the sympathy of the voluble Lulu when she appeared for her nightly task; but for once Easie refused to be comforted. But she had some-thing to say to Jue wien he ap-

That something roused ha anger, but the girl was still more angry: "You don't care anything about me or you'd never have gore an' done it," she insisted. "I give you my word. I clean

forgot all about it. The next "There won't be any next time.

What do you think I am?" They stood in the little ante room that connected with the street, and one of the girls when did a turn brushed past Mr. Ull man an' he tried to lie himself out of his awkward predicament While he was talking to Pasie he

was flirting with the newcomer.
"I don't ever want to see you again, Joe Ullman," she cried, fired by jealousy and the bitterness of neglect.

"Come on now, kid, what's the matter? Just because I forgot to come to dinner, You wight to glad of it." Essie started to walk away.

"Where are you going?" "I'm going home, that's where

"I'm going home, that's where, and you needn't come with us."
"Look here," urged Joe, assuming his most ingratiating manner."I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll go down to the dance hall and have one little dance with me, I'lf go right up to your place and say hello to your mether, if that's what's eating you so hard."
"I don't feel like dancing," sake Essle, "and I don't believe you."
"I'll give you my promise I'll go. Just one dance. Ain't I fair about it?"

"That'll be in half an hour. You'l come after one dance—you mea

(To Be Continued Monday)

### Baby Care in HOW TO CUT Winter

By Brice Belden, M. D.

137 E give the greatest care to children under the age of two and to those of school ge, but between these two periods the average child receives less attention than he should, although there are excellent reasons why should be as carefully looked after then as during any other time

this young life.

The high mortality among youngchildren is largely traceable to this
relative neglect of the child of preschool age—in other words—the
child between two and five.

During this age period such dis-

fever, whooping cough, diphtheria, and chicken pox are very preva-lent. When complicated by pneu-monia, as they frequently are, these affections cause many fatali-ties, since children of tender age to not withstand pneumonia very

Now, while it is important to keep such children under better bidity and mortality rates, there is another reason that must be taken

If the physical condition of these children were properly looked after before commencing school, there would not be so many officials during the school

About one child out of every hree, during the first year in ct requiring the attention of a

This, obviously, is a serious refection upon our child care dur-ing the pre-school period. Somees these defects are found to have impared the development of the health of the child to such a degree that he is unable to keep up with the normal child.

discovering defects before the ool age and correcting them we school life and lessen the num-r of "repeaters" and delinquents the various grades.





There is nothing more refreshing for baby than a warm bath with Cuticura Soap. If his in is irritated or rashy gently touch any irritation with Cuticura Ointment after bath-ing. Cuticura Talcum is also excellent for baby's skin.

# **MEAT BILLS**

By Loretto C. Lynch-MANY varieties of cheese are either too expensive for the average purse or too difficult of digestion. This is especially true of the hard cheese. Cottage cheese, however, may be made at home from recently soured milk, or it may be produced by clotting the milk with the tablets sold at the grocer's for

Cottage cheese is a substitute for meat and a delightful change, especially around the holiday times, when many of us are apt to indulge too freely in the richer articles of

Cottage cheese may be served plain as the main dish at luncheon or dinner. Brown bread and but-ter, a fresh green salad plant and a large baked apple with cream would nicely round a meal whose principal dish was cottage cheese. Excellent sandwich fillings may

be made from it. Try mixing any of the following with cream cheese: Broken nutmeats, chopped pimentos, finely-cut green peppers or shredded cucumber. One especially good fill-ing is a combination of cottage cheese, horseradish, onion juice and finely chopped parsley. This is very palatable when served on sour rye

French people are fond of salads containing cheese. A very attrac-tive salad is made by molding the cottage cheese into small eggs (about the size of pigeon eggs). The hardcooked yolks of a couple of eggs is forced through a strainer and the cheese eggs are rolled lightly in this "golden rain." The cheese eggs are then served on leaves of lettuce or in little nests of watercress.

Cheese may be served with your favorite peserves or jam. Press about four tablespoons of cottage cheese into a cup. Unmold it on a pretty dish. Make an indentation in the center and put into the hole some of your favorite jam. Sweet crackers or soda biscuit may

Cottage cheese salad is easy to make and very effective as to coloring. To prepare it, mix thoroughly one pound of cottage cheese with one and one-half tablespoons of cream, one tablespoon of minced olives and salt to taste.

First, fill a rectangular tin mold with cold water to chill and wet the surface. Line the bettom with waxed paper. Then pack in three layers of cheese, putting parallel strips of canned pimento between the layers. Cover with waxed paper and put in a cool place until ready to serve. Run a knife around the sides and invert the mold. Cut in slices and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing and wafers or thin bread and butter sandwiches. wet the surface. Line the bettom

and butter sandwiches.
Cottage cheese club sandwich is very good. The sandwich is made of three good-sized slices of toast from which the crust has been removed. One or two more of the slices is spread thickly with cottage cheese. Lettuce and watercress and salad dressing is

Suggestions for filling the rest of the club sandwich follow: To-mato, lettuce and mayonaise dress-ing; thin-sliced cold ham spread with mustard, lettuce and mayon-naise; sliced Spanish onion, lettuce, mayonnaise and pimento; two tiny strips of broiled bacon, lettuce and mayonnaise; sliced orange, water-cress and mayonnaise; sliced tart apple, nuts, lettuce and mayon-naise; cucumber or green pepper, pimento, lettuce and mayonnaise.

# When a Girl Marries, Ann Lisle's Popular Serial

By Ann Lisle,

Whose Newspaper Serials Have Won a Big, Popular Success. Copyright, 1921, King Features Syndicate, Inc. IFE in my new office was inaugurated with a smoothness

that made me almost suspiclous. I've never thoughtof myself as a superstitious person, but the old adage, "Bad beginning makes paniment to all I did and thought that first day. My beginning, conversely, was almost too good. .

When I started from the house at a little after 8. Carlotta insisted on accompanying me to see that everything was in good order and that the stenographer she was lending me had arrived in due season. To our great astonishment, we found Max Hoadley ahead of us. With coat off. and sleeves rolled up, he was arranging furniture and directing the men who were putting the electric fixtures over the desks, which had been placed where they got the best pos-

sible light. "Hello, lady!" cried my self-elected janitor. "I thought I'd get this all ship-shape before you strolled in. Maybe in the time it takes you to inspect your own little private sanc-tum I'll be able to finish this main

office of yours." "It's perfectly splendid of you to take so much interest in my little venture," I cried. "I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am. But it doesn't seem fair that you should be doing manual labor in my office when you've so much mental labor to do in your own."

"Oh, that's not worth speaking about," cried Mr. Hoadley jovially. "I kinda feel a personal interest in this little place—fatherly, you might say. So I'll take it as a favor if you'll let me finish getting

this room to rights."
"We're dismissed, Carlotta," I
announced banteringly. "Come and inspect the inner sanctum-the office of A. L. Harrison Herself. When we entered my little sanctum, I fairly jumped. Instead of the simple oak furnishings I had

#### DO YOU KNOW THAT-

Probably the champion egg-layer among living beings is the sturgeon. Wher in normal activity the female of the species deposits 70,000,000 eggs in the spawning ground she selects, generally in the spring of

After growing for ten years, the Japanese cypress, one of the small-est specimens of the horticultural world, reaches the size of a golf ball. The stunting of trees has been made

It requires more than a century for a cedar tree to grow large enough to yield a thirty-foot tele-phone pole. The eucalyptus will attain a larger growth in thirty years, and its wood is quite as durable. Chess is one of the oldest of games, though not nearly as old as

was generally believed fifty years

ago We can say for certain, how-ever, that chess existed in India in

the seventh century A. D.

cabinet, two office chairs and a wall table of magnificent Circasian walnut. And against the wall was a neat little typewriter stand with a big cushloned easy chair of walnut and leather lurking invitingly in the background. On the floor was a thick green carpet

of leafy color and softness.
"What an absurd mistake!" I "The furniture people must have confused their deliveries. They've sent me some one else's orcall up right away and have it recti-

"If I were you," remarked Car-

"Now listen to me, Anna, I've been

a woman in business, and in business of my own, for a long time And I've discovered something your experience with a dear old fogy group like the Haldane crowd has never taught you. The modern world is inclined to take a yard when granted one inch. A woman who's running an organization of and stick to it. No favors, no fa-

### The Wine of Life

By Arthur Stringer Well-Known Author and Novelist of Countrywide Reputation. frail and flexible, were more played upon by their

environment, were susceptible to influences unknown to men. It was the duty of the weak. And with Torrie, after all, it was a matter of weakness, of surrender to impulse. She did not differ from other women, except that she was more vital. Charlotte Kirkner, sheltered and sensitive, as fine-fibred as women were made, had betrayed a promise of outlawry, a potentiality of revoit from the time worn paths of right. It was man who sentimentalized women, who established false stand-

ards towards which they were forced to strain. That was something he had learned from the city which harbored him. And with it he wistfully featured the nest of Compro-"Then the thing is settled!" It

was the voice of Torrie speaking in a tone singularly remote and final. Already she seemed to be accosting him from beyond a gulf of terrifying dimensions.
"What thing?" he demanded disturbed in spite of himself.

"About my going," was her answer. Already, he fancied, he could detect about her a valedictory air, a retrospective and autumnal pen-siveness which brought a wave of misery once more surging over him "What settled it?" he asked, waywardly impelled to reach out to her

even as he realized that such an approach would be too vast a sur-"The fact that you're tired of me," was her answer.
"Have I ever said that?" he tem-

"No, but it's made plain enough 'It is not only my actions that have been open to question," he

porized.

"Then I ought to go where mine won't be a source of trouble to you.' was Torrie's retort. It was said with apparent thoughtlessness, and yet it came to Storrow barbed with men-ace. He recalled haphazard impressions of road companies, impressions picked up from motion pictures and Broadway romances and studio remembered what Chester

Hardy had said to him about stage life. And the thought of her once more engulfed in that devastating environment became unbearable. To surrender her to such a life seemed a contradiction of every protection al instinct in his being. It seemed the end—the end of everything. He crossed the room to the window and stood staring out. "I'd rather you didn't go," he said

in a strained voice, without turning his head.

voritism. "Neither can I," were the un-

She stood watching him, without changing her position. "Why not?" she asked.

"I don't want you to go," he repeated, almost brusquely. And that was all that came of the matter at the time, for Torrie, with the unrelaxed lines of thought still furrowing her creamy forehead, made it a point to absent herself from the studio as soon as she could withdraw without any seeming sacrifice of dignity.

Yet the question was brought-up again, two hours later, when Pannie Atwell invaded the studio and found Storrow there, alone in the paling afternoon light.
"How's things?" she lightly inquired as she discarded the white

fox furs which encased her up to "Tangled up, as things most always seem to be," responded Stor

row, anticipating her hand reach for the cigarette box. "Where's the odalisk?" asked Pannie, with a glance about the "What do you mean?" demanded

Storrow. "Where the frau?" "Shopping, I believe," answered Storrow. "Gettin' ready for the grape-vine

circuit?' Still again Storrow did not understand her. "Gettin' ready to go out with that Krassler bunch?" she said by way of exegesis. "I hardly think so."

"She's goin', ain't she?" demanded Pannie.

"Odalisk is right," observed Pan-nie, under her breath. Then she blew a smoke-ring, and through that blew a smaller one. "Hermie will throw a fit when he gets hep to that. He thinks he can smootl out that play on the rubes and bring it back to Broadway a knockout. And he intended Torrie to the big splash when they hit this Hudson levee again." "But Torrie wasn't the star of "She didn't even have the row. lead."

"Of course she didn't, dearie." acknowledged Pannie. "But Krassler was nursin' her like an eighteen-inch naval gun. He was keepin' her tarpaulined down until the Broadway openin', and then he was goin' to let her loose and smother the performance. Huly gee, man, why do you suppose he was belas-coin' 'round here in private, and coachin' her under cover, and fret-tin' and workin' his crazy little kike heart out if it wasn't to give her her Big Chance?"
(To Be Continued Monday.)

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there was a desk, filing two office chairs and a promptu man-of-all-work before speaking to the furniture people.

"Sit down," she said, grimiy. faithful dog attitude toward any one who is kind to him. His commercial sense makes him regard me as valuable. But his heart-well. Charlotta. did you ever see a less attractive individual from a physical stand-

> "No," returned Charlotta in aston-"I guess you're right," said Carlotta.

"I know I am," I replied. "And

now watch me combine discretion with kindness." So saying. I led the way to the outer office. The stenographer from the Sturges Construction Company was already busying herself dusting furniture, filling inkwells and performing the little humdrum tasks

which betoken friendly interest rather than merely an eye on a saiary.
"You've been splendid about get-tings things into shape, so that by 10 o'clock we'll be in running or der and ready for business," I said. But I'm going to ask one more made a stupid blunder about my office furnishings. They sent me brand-new Circassian walnut in-stead of the second-hand quartered

oak I ordered. "If I were to telephone they'd probably get more confused than ever. The furniture place is very near your office. Would you mind stepping in on your way downtown and making it clear to them that I want exactly what I ordered?"

I kept all undur emphasis out of my voice and made my expression as casual as I know how. Yet I felt there was no wistaking my determination to put the thing down as a blunder of the furniture people and a blunder which I insisted on having rectified. Max Hoadley's reply amazed me. (To Be Continued Tuesday.)

#### RICE FLOUR IN BAKING

ICE flour may be used in va-R rious kinds of breads, cakes, and cookies. Because of the lack of gluten, rice flour alone is not suitable for making bread, but bread of good texture may be made from mixed wheat and rice flour. Rice flour is also an excellent substitute for wheat in waffles and certain kinds of cookies and cake. RICE-FLOUR WAFFLES.

1 teaspoon salt. 3 teaspoons baking powder. 11/2 cups milk. 3 tablespoons melted fat. 2 eggs. Sift the dry ingredients together and add them slowly to the milk, beaten egg yolks, and melted fat. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites

1% cups rice flour.

and cook the waffles in a hot, well-greased iron. SPONGE CAKE. 2 eggs (yolks and whites beaten

separately.)
% cup sugar.
1 tablespoon hot water. teaspoon salt. 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

teaspoon vanilla. % cup rice flour. 1% teaspoons baking powder. Combine the ingredients in the order in which they are listed and bake the cake as a loaf or in muffin pans.

#### THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

ARD times are with us once

again, may be for long so-

By Aline Michaelis-Hard Times

journing, we have to work for iron men that once were ours for burning. Erstwhile we tossed them to the wind, with laughter loud and jolly, but now our step we have to mind and cease that sort of folly. But, though we work a little more to fill the yawning larder, that fact should never make us sor hard times will keep us harder! waistline went to growing; we had been sylph-like, lithe and thin ere tides of wealth came flowing. But that was when we used our feet for errands here and thither; we tod-dled up and down the street with pep no work could wither. In later, pep no work could wither. In later, plutocratic days we quit all forms of working; we left the simple, home-ly ways for idleness and shirking. We dawdled in our easy chair, we wallowed in our splender; in limousines we took the air and so grew soft and tender. But now hard times are on the road, we feel the pangs of hunger, we'll hus-tle up before that good until we feel much younger. Our flabby minds will take on pep to grab the fickle farden; our flabby feet will fall in step, our flabby muscles harden. Hard times stand knocking at the door and empty is the larder; we may grow poorer than before, but, joy! we'll soon be harder!

### Advice to the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. An Unworthy Love.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: in love with a married man, and I am sure he is in love with me -his actions prove that he is. We have been deeply interested in each other for the last four years. We see each other every

fair was going on between us, but she knows it new and I fear that there is terrible quarreling going on between them.

Miss Fairfax, I am thinking that this man is deceitful, both to his wife and to me. I feel that he tells his wife that he is not in love with me, and I know that he is. Please tell me what to do, as I want to hold his friendship as long as I can.

His wife did not know this af-

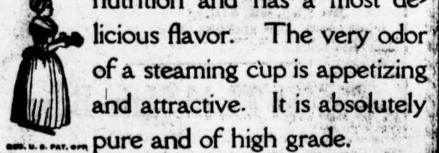
OH, no, you don't want to hold his friendship. You want to rid yourself of it as soon as ever you can. You know he isn't worthy of any woman's love. You are miserable both because of the injustice you are letting him do you. The only way for you to be happy and at peace yourself is to do the fair decent thing and put him right out of your life.



When raw cold winds blow DRINK"

## Baker's Cocoa

It imparts a cheering warmth, valuable nutrition and has a most de-



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